

A New Dialogue betwixt a *West Country* Shoemaker & his Love.

*Who after five years Travel for her sake
He back return'd and she amends did make,
For after he to her had told his mind
She seemed not at all to him unkind,
Young men & maids then read these lines and see
How they in love did lovingly agree.*

To the Tune of, When Soll will cast no lights.



On Midsummer day as I
abroad was talking;
A young man and a maid
I heard a talking.
Near to a shady Grove
flowers were springing,
And the brave Nightingale
sweetly was singing.

The youngman brisk and bold
thus fell to wooing,
And with his fair maid
fain would be doing,
With speeches meek and mild
and kind entreating,
Saying his heart would break
if she forsook him.

My joy and only dear
pray thee believe me,
If thou wilt be my wife
I'll never deceive thee.

No store of means I have
I tell thee plainly,
But I'll work day and night
for to maintain thee.

What I do promise thee
shall be performed,
By no one in the world
thou shalt be wronged.
He venture life or limbs
for thee my Jewell,
Then be not thou unkind
nor prove not cruel.

I am not one of those
that keeps a bragging,
And of their house and land
their tongues are wagging.
My love is faithful bent
then be contented,
If thou wilt be my wife
thou'lt ne'r repent it.

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At trade it still will hold
this I am certain,
A good Husband I will be
my dearest darling,
I am of *Crispian's* trade
a brave Shoemaker,
He loved a prince's dear
and ne'r forsak't her,

No! I'll not thee forsake
my dearest Betty,
Thy smiling countenance
shineth so pretty,
If I five thousand pound
had in my keeping,
Thou shouldst it all command
my dearest sweeting.

So if thou canst but find
in heart to love me,
Speak freely now thy mind
as it behoves thee,
Speak freely from thy heart
if thou wilt have me,
And to thee I'll prove true
as God shall save me.

The Maids loving reply.

My love and only dear,
I joy to see thee.
For when you absent were
oh! how it did grieve me,
Both day and night I'll swear
I thought upon thee,
I wonder'd in my heart
what was come on thee.

The Young man.

These five long years my dear
thou know'st I wander,
In City and in Town
like any stranger,
And am return'd again
once more to try thee,
How can'st find in thy heart
so to deny me.

Prigged for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in West Springfield.

The Maid.

Well seeing thou art return'd
thou art welcome to me,
By all the powers above
I'll not forget thee,
Though faster frown at me
and mother murmure,
All the friends that I have
shall not part's in sunder.

Because I find thee plain
in words and speeches,
You tell me that you have
no store of riches,
He to maintain my dear
be not thou fearful,
I have five hundred pound
if thou wilt be careful.

Therefore be not dismay'd
but be contented,
All the friends that I have
shall not prevent it,
But I will be thy wife
and will endeavour
To lead a quiet life
with thee for ever,

The Young man.

Oh! how my heart with joy,
my dear hath filled,
Because to my request
kindly he yielded,
Now we will live in peace
and love together,
As the old Proverb saith,
like birds of a feather.

Thus you may plainly see
that time and leisure,
Many things brings to pass
therefore Endeavour,
Young men prove constant still
maids do not dissemble,
And then you need not fear
so to live single.